

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVII. No. 359

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway—EMPEROR CITY—
ARABIAN NIGHTS.FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street—
DIAMONDS.WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth
street—FUGITIVE AND GALATHEA.ROBERTS' THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth
avenue—ARABIAN NIGHTS.BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery—MADAMA—THE HOUSE
DOGS.GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth
av.—HOT CAROLINE.UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between Thirtieth
and Fourteenth streets—AGNES.OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston
and Bleeker sts.—OPERA HOUSE—LA PERICHOLE.GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third
av.—DER ZIGAGNER—SINGING DOLLS.NEW YORK STAGE THEATRE, 45 and 47 Bowery—
MAGICAL REPRESENTATIONS.WOODS' MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—
A GARDEN'S CHARM. Afternoon and Evening.MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE—
DIAMONDS.MAYNARD'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. corner
7th av.—BROADWAY MINSTRELS, EVENING.75 BROADWAY, EMERSON'S MINSTRELS—GRAND
EUROPEAN ENTERTAINMENT.WHITE'S ATHLETIC, 95 Broadway—NURO MIN-
STRELS, 8c.TORY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery—
GRAND EUROPEAN ENTERTAINMENT, 8c. Matinee at 2 1/2.ST. JAMES THEATRE, corner of 24th st. and Broad-
way—SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS IN PANTS, 8c.CHARLEY SHAYS' OPERA HOUSE, Thirty-fourth st.
and Third av.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.RAILEY'S GREAT CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, foot
of Union street, East River.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1872.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

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SARY PARADE, MASS MEETING AND
PROMENADE CONCERT OF COLORED OD-
D-FELLOWS—FOURTH PAGE.THE DEMOCRATIC REFORM JUDICIAL NOMI-
NATIONS.—The Democratic Judiciary Con-
vention yesterday nominated James H. Leonard
for Judge of the Supreme Court, James C.
Spencer for Judge of the Superior Court, and
Gunning S. Bedford for City Judge. These
nominations are all fit to be made. They have
the true ring of the reform metal, independent
of political considerations. Let us now see
what the other organizations, claiming to be
in favor of reform, will do towards securing
for New York a really honest and fearless judi-
ciary.THE LAC LA BELLE DISASTER.—The found-
ering of this propeller is unhappily associated,
as most such disasters are, with loss of life.
As our news columns testify this morning, five
men at least are known to have perished.
When most of the passengers and crew took
to the lifeboats the steamer was sinking
rapidly, the missing men being thrown into
the water as she settled down.THE WATERFORD BANK ROBBERY.—We pre-
sent in another column the details of one of
the most daring bank robberies on record.
Shortly after midnight of Sunday the
Saratoga County Bank building in Water-
ford, N. Y., was entered by nine masked ruf-
fians, who immediately proceeded to gag and
bind the cashier, his family and servant. This
being done to their satisfaction, the unfortu-
nate cashier was dragged down to the bank
vault below, and with four pistols pointed at
his head and a bowie knife at his heart, he re-
luctantly disclosed the lock combinations,
thus enabling his mercenary captors to
secure the contents of the safe, valued
at upwards of five hundred thousand dollars.
As will be seen by our special despatch, the
thieves are already tracked to a certain extent,
two of the supposed perpetrators of the ro-
bbery and outrage being arrested at Hudson
City within a few hours of their leaving Wa-
terford. We also give the numbers and dates
of most of the United States bonds and other
securities stolen, so that if the villains escape
arrest they cannot easily dispose of their plun-
der.The Republican Rising in Spain—
The Spanish Government Policy Re-
garding Cuba.

The insurrection which has just taken place in Spain under so-called republican auspices and the freshly-announced policy of the Zorrilla administration regarding the Spanish colonies, compel us to look to the Iberian Peninsula as the probable centre of serious trouble to Europe and the world. While we write the insurrection at Ferrol is still in existence. Troops are marching from all quarters towards the centre of disturbance, and there is every reason to take it for granted that in a few hours the local insurrection will be dead. The entrance to the harbor is blocked by vessels of war, and the foiled insurrectionists cannot escape. The insurgents are already demoralized, and large numbers have deserted and surrendered themselves to the government. It is not possible for any assistance to reach the insurgents by land, and the one fort which commands the entrance to the harbor, Fort Phillip, is in the hands of the government. We are quite willing to believe that the Ferrol insurrection must come to a speedy and somewhat disgraceful end; but when we look at the announcement of Zorrilla, made to the Cortes on Saturday, that no reform would be introduced in Cuba so long as a single man remained in arms against the government, we cannot get over the idea that Spain, in spite of certain signs of progress, is wedded to her ancient policy—a policy which has been and which promises more and more to be her ruin.

The situation of Spain to-day, which most unmistakably commands world-wide attention, to be properly understood must be looked at from two different points of view. It must be looked at with a special regard to its internal condition and also with a special regard to its foreign policy. Each point of view opens up a large field of observation. For the present we must content ourselves with glancing cursorily at the one and the other. It is now more than three years since the world was startled by the announcement that a revolution had taken place in Spain; that the army and navy were a unit against the government of the day, and that Queen Isabella and her favorite adviser had deemed it advisable to cross the frontiers and take refuge in France. It is not too much to say that the news occasioned a thrill of joy to thousands of hearts in every section of the civilized world. It was felt and believed that a grand despotism had been struck down; that a weighty obstruction to the progress of civilization and to the general welfare of humanity had been removed out of the way, and that Spain, once the proudest and most powerful of the kingdoms of the earth, but for generations degenerating and sinking into contempt, might yet revive and take a respectable position among the great nations of the earth. For a time the promise was good, although there were many who, remembering the past history of Spain, believing they knew the secrets of the national weakness of the Spanish people, and having a lively recollection of many revolutionary failures, doubted whether even this promising effort should not also come to naught. Our readers all remember the reign of Prim—his power over the army; the coalitions which he effected; the testing of public sentiment which resulted in favor of a monarchical form of government; the search for a king, the immediate fruits of which were the war between France and Germany, the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, the occupation of Rome by the Italians, the fall of the Bonaparte dynasty and the humiliation of France; the acceptance of the offered crown to Amadeus of Savoy; his arrival in the country, which after much persuasion he had consented to adopt as his own, and the tragic death of the great dictator in what seemed the hour of his victory. All this is familiar to our readers, and so also is the history of the interval which has elapsed since the enthusiastic reception given to the Savoyard King and the present moment. Serrano, Sagasta, Zorrilla, each, in succession, has tried to rule Spain; and it is not unfair to say, although Zorrilla has scarcely been fully tested, that each has failed. The unionists had the first chance; then the unionists and the progressists united, and now the governing power of Spain is in the hands of Zorrilla and the radicals. It cannot be said that King Amadeus is unpopular, although it must be admitted that he has some bitter and apparently irreconcilable enemies. Once a most wicked attempt was made upon his life, and also upon that of his young Queen. Once, also, he was most wantonly insulted. But after the attempt made upon his life he made a tour through the Northern provinces and was everywhere well received. He has put down a powerful and most threatening insurrection of the adherents of Don Carlos; and at the last general election the Spanish people gave him and his chosen minister a clear two-thirds majority of the Lower House of the Cortes. In spite of all this, however, we have this fresh insurrection in the name and professedly in the interest of the Republic; and we have Spain on the money market of the world asking a heavy loan for the purpose of maintaining her separate and independent existence. It is a pitiful state of things, and one which more than justifies the worst that Buckle, severe as he was, ever said of unhappy Spain and her unfortunate people. Change of dynasty, change of ministry, insurrection, revolution—by none of these things does Spain gain; from none of them does she reap any benefit.

If we look at the colonial and foreign policy of Spain the view which presents itself is equally discouraging. How Cuba has struggled and fought for independence! How the patriotic population of the sweetest islands of the sea has been decimated! How Spain has made herself weak at home by holding on to the last remnant of her once magnificent Empire of the Indies! How the American people have looked year after year on this cruel and destructive war; and how in the interests of the world's peace they have restrained a hand which was impatient to strike for humanity and for liberty! All this is matter of wonder for the present generation of men. We had some hope that the revolution which dethroned Isabella would make an end of slavery in the Spanish colonies. The platform adopted by the Cortes after the revolution was noble and full of promise. But reform was delayed. Serrano and Sagasta each failed to carry out the original programme. Slavery remains in Cuba and in Porto Rico. We had hoped

that a radical administration would come up to the high requirements of the times and to a certain extent justify the patience of the civilized nations, but particularly the patience of the American people. Our latest hope has been blasted like the first. Zorrilla tells the world that no reforms can be introduced in Cuba so long as a single man remains in arms against the government. As for Porto Rico, the promises of the revolution are to be fulfilled so far as they can be fulfilled without jeopardizing the preservation of the colonies. It seems impossible for the Spanish people to learn the lessons of experience. Time was when a Spanish monarch could boast that the sun never set on his dominions. How the mighty have fallen! Mexico and Peru, the marvellous conquests of Cortez and Pizarro; all that Spain owned on the American Continent, all that she possessed among the islands of the sea, all is gone with the exceptions of Porto Rico and Cuba. Much of this mighty colonial Empire might have been saved had the Spanish government been wise and known how and when to yield. From all her past experience Spain seems to have learned nothing. She knows not how to yield; she cannot make up her mind to surrender, and the day seems close at hand when Spain shall be compelled to give up the last remnant of her once magnificent Indian Empire.

From what we have said it is manifest that we have no great hopes of Spain either at home or abroad. Amadeus has, no doubt, done well in most difficult circumstances. But the Spanish people, as a whole, are not satisfied, and the political party leaders seem determined to make no sacrifice for the general good of the country. This insurrection will, no doubt, be put down; but the suppression of this revolt will not make an end of the Carlism or quench the republican spirit or destroy the hopes of the adherents of the Prince of the Asturias. As for Cuba, Spain will be allowed to do her best to pacify for a little while longer; but if pacification and emancipation have not both become facts before the early Spring of 1873 the American people will demand interference, and the administration will find it necessary to settle this Cuban question finally and forever.

The Carlism of the Campaign—The Political Circus of Tennessee—Andy Johnson.

The distinguishing features of this Presidential campaign have been the charges and counter-charges of corruptions, frauds and villainies of every description bandied about between the opposition and the administration camps, and the coarse and scandalous personalities and caricatures of the party press. True, from New York westward the country for many weeks has been saluted in every direction, and at every city, town, village and crossroads post office, with mass meetings and mighty cavalcades of banners, boys in blue and woodchoppers, and with the banners, transparencies, fireworks and music of torch-light processions; but these cheerful elements of the canvass have been more than neutralized by the gall and wormwood and cayenne pepper and asafetida so freely interchanged between the orators and organs of the opposing parties.

But things like these, you know, must be, with every famous victory.

Still it is a deplorable fact that this Presidential canvass has been fiercely and vindictively conducted on both sides, and has been savage and gloomy to an extent without a parallel since the time of General Jackson. Those funny Fifth avenue conferences varied its monotony for a few days, and Blanton Duncan's famous Bourbon Convention was amusing while it lasted. Mr. Greeley's cheerful prospecting tour "out West" gave a considerable infusion of life and hope to his side of the house till the breaking of the backbone of Bucklew; and yet from first to last there has been a prevailing spirit of ferocity and bitterness among our political belligerents this season which has very nearly spoiled all the poetry, fun and humor of this ferocious Presidential contest. How far Messrs. Sumner, Trumbull, Schurz and other angry seceders from the administration are responsible for this state of things it is not necessary here to inquire. We presume they are now satisfied that their patriotic indignation was somewhat overdone in the cooking, and that in spite of all their sacrifices the country is going to the bowwows.

We are thankful that in this melancholy situation we still have the consoling voice and presence of the inextinguishable Andy Johnson. In running against Cheatham, the regular democrat, and against Maynard, the republican candidate for Congressman at Large in Tennessee, our constitutional ex-President has given to the whole political campaign in that State a spirit of chivalry, fun and rare enjoyment which clearly entitles him to the election. The Herald campaign correspondent assigned to the Department of Tennessee has been giving us some very interesting letters, from point to point, of the joint stumping tour through the State of Johnson, Cheatham and Maynard; and from his latest report, that which we published yesterday from Nashville, concerning these "three guardsmen" we infer that, though each is fighting his own battle, they all travel together like a band of brothers.

The meeting of these triumvirs at Winchester, Tenn., or the entertainment there of this Tennessee circus, as our correspondent irreverently styles it, was better than a horse race. Here, as it appears, "Johnson wore an unusually high shirt collar, much like Matt Brennan's, running out on each side of his jaws like a whitewashed fence; Maynard 'sugar-coated his republicanism with a variety of dry jokes' that humored his hearers and disposed them kindly towards him; but when Cheatham, the Tennessee rebel hero of Chickamauga, came forward 'there burst upon the air a cheer that shook the woods,' and this was given him, 'not because he was a rebel, but because of his splendid qualities as a man.' It next appears that 'at Fayetteville, where the circus next wended its way, Maynard and Johnson had a better show;' that 'there was more enthusiasm;' and that the country people there, being better fed, showed to better advantage than those of the hungry mountains of East Tennessee.

The moral of this political circus is this—Tennessee is the only State in which this Presidential campaign has been and is marked everywhere by a spirit of chivalry, hospitality, fun and general enjoyment, and that for this cheerful break in the general monotony all

parties concerned, in and out of Tennessee, are mainly, if not entirely, indebted to Andy Johnson. Elected or defeated, may his shadow still continue to expand.

Dutch Enterprise—The New Ship Canal of Holland.

The worthy and wealthy burghers of Amsterdam are in a flutter of pleased excitement. Everybody knows that "the Dutch have taken Holland," but perhaps the world at large does not give them the credit for taking it, and, by sleepless vigilance, keeping it from the constant aggressions of the stormy North Sea. Undaunted by frequent failure they have diked out their fertile meadows from the domains of the Ocean, fencing out his waves with walls of clay and sand, held in place by the thick interlacing roots of the sea grass, which they call "helm." Aided by this most modest vegetable conditor, by dint of unrelenting watchfulness, the beaver-like Hollanders maintain their standing on the map, and keep fully abreast of their neighbors in progress and prosperity. They have taken Holland from the sea by sagacity and hard work. No other nation can truly boast the creation of their land. The same people have just achieved another victory over the forces of nature. Their great city of Amsterdam was built in a marsh near the back waters of the Zuyder Zee, about twenty miles east from the North Sea. To reach the ocean it was necessary to thread the narrow channel between the islands in the Zuyder Zee and pass to the northward of the Helder, heavy vessels finding it necessary to be lightened over the flats by floats, called camels, the process being slow and risky. Fifty years ago the enterprising and dauntless Dutchmen built a ship canal fifty miles long, costing five million dollars, from Amsterdam to the Helder. Through this artificial sluice their commerce passed with less risk. But this canal, of which in its day they were justly proud, had its defects. Its course north and south is at right angles with the usual heavy west winds of the coast, which sweep in from the broad Atlantic. Vessels while being towed dragged against the lee bank, to their annoyance and injury. Besides this the winds and waves brought into the channel so much sand that, in spite of dredging, its depth has been reduced to nineteen feet, instead of its original twenty-three. In the best of weather it uses up a long day to reach the ocean from Amsterdam through the canal, and storms may prolong the voyage indefinitely. This delay was of small consequence in the slow old days, but now "time is money," and the Amsterdamers foresaw the doom of their city if they could not provide for a quicker road to the Atlantic. So they, eight years ago, began a new canal running nearly east from the Zuyder Zee at Schellingwoude across the narrowest part of the peninsula to the North Sea at Velzen. This new canal, which was to cost about fifteen million dollars, has an immense lock at each end by which to effectually bar out the sea, which the Dutch dread above all dangers. These locks are just completed, and are described as prodigies of engineering skill. The canal between the two points will not be finished within two years. It will be large enough in its narrowest parts for two ships of the first class to pass. Its construction has been a work which only a nation born to fight the water would have undertaken, and its prosecution has developed wonderful mechanical adaptation. When open for traffic it is expected to bring Amsterdam within two hours of the ocean and rescue her commerce from its threatened decline.

Anarchy in Arkansas.

While scenes of lawlessness such as have disgraced Osceola can be enacted in a Southern community, it is difficult to denounce the continuance of military rule in the Southern States. Without entering into the merits of the dispute between the parties all law-loving men will come to the conclusion that amid such elements of violence and disorder civil law cannot enforce respect unless supported by military force. All ideas of justice and respect for law seem to be made subservient in Arkansas to personal hate and political passion. The picture of a court of justice into which the jurors and clients come armed to the teeth is certainly a strange and disgraceful one for this nineteenth century. Appeal to forms of law in such a society is simply a farce. A man must either be tried by his friends or his enemies. The one would refuse to convict him, no matter how clear the proof of his crime; while in the other case innocence would afford but a weak protection against the prejudices of his judges. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the hostile factions should prefer to settle their disputes with the rifle. How far a civilized nation can permit its citizens to take the law into their own hands and avenge in their own way their real or supposed wrongs is a question of grave importance. It must be evident to the thoughtful, however, that people cannot be allowed to have private battles and levy war just as their caprice dictates, and therefore such conflicts must inevitably lead to the declaration of martial law. We cannot permit the inauguration of a war of races, and black men and white men must learn to live together without indulging in the exciting amusement of cutting throats or taking long shots at each other. If they insist on continuing these practices Uncle Sam will be likely to send his boys down to share in the fun. This contingency of course will appear tyrannical, but then our hot-headed Southern friends must sacrifice something to appearances, and modern society, being somewhat squeamish, objects to free fights as a too highly seasoned pastime.

The Financial Situation and Prospect.

It is curious to observe the varying phases of financial affairs as reflected in Wall Street. Only a few days ago there was a little panic, arising from the cornering and looking-up operations of two or three shrewd speculators. Gold went up, and there was great jumping about in stocks. Merchants were alarmed, and certain firms fell under the pressure. Now all is changed. Gold is down to between twelve and thirteen per cent premium again, money is comparatively easy, and the banks have largely increased their reserve. Cotton and other products are coming in large quantities to this commercial centre, and exportation has been stimulated by the rise of exchange. Stocks have risen, the dry goods trade has become quite active, and a feeling of confidence pervades the whole business com-

munity. Now there is nothing in the general condition, circumstances, progress or prospects of the country to cause such a difference in the financial and commercial situation within so short a time. There was not, in fact, any real or substantial cause for the disturbance a week or two ago. It was the result merely of temporary speculation. As a consequence reaction necessarily followed, and there is a return to the normal state of things. The country has reached that point of prosperity, development and progress that nothing in the ordinary course of events can seriously disturb its business or onward course. These Wall street perturbations are but as ripples on the ocean. With the settlement of our political affairs during the next few weeks for another four years, whichever way the present contest may end, with that peace and harmony between all sections which we hope for and with the consolidation and wonderful advancement of our republican empire, there is every reason to expect great improvement in business. The vast increase of population, production and wealth of the United States and the consequent aggregation of capital at this financial and commercial metropolis must in the course of a few years give New York a controlling influence in the monetary transactions and exchanges of the world. The tide of progress will overwhelm successively the disturbing speculations of stock and gold gambling cliques, and the Republic will march on rapidly to the grand destiny ever attained by any nation.

The Burial of William H. Seward.

Yesterday morning, under a clouded sky and a drizzling rain, the obsequies of the late patriot and statesman, William H. Seward, were performed at Auburn, in this State. The darkness of the heavens was only a reflex of the gloom that filled all hearts there and of thousands all over the land; for the nation feels that it has lost a great citizen in the man who now lies lifeless under the sod at Fort Hill. All the simple honor which a republic can bestow upon the worthy dead was willingly accorded to his memory. Flags were lowered to half mast; the departments of the general government over which he so ably presided were closed; solemn bells tolled, and where men of state could not attend the funeral in person words of significant condolence were forwarded to the afflicted family. The sad story of the funeral is told elsewhere. Around the coffin stood his children and some of his old collaborators in the various fields where in he had fought his sturdy battle of life. Those who will read of the visible sorrow which rushed from the heart to the eyes in tears, as an old associate looked upon the marble pallor of the face of the dead, will be touched with the thought that amid all the absorbing and stormy battles of the political arena fast friendships are formed which time cannot destroy. The plain but beautiful ceremonies which marked the consignment of William H. Seward's remains to earth are such, after all, as any man might wish for in his own regard when health had passed away. In the fulness of sympathy, the heartfelt prayer, the hush of the sorrowing town, the mourning deeper than the trappings of woe, even in the gloom of the day, were seen such regret as can only wait upon those who have lived and died up to their mission on earth according to their light. He lived a career the greatest might envy and closed his days in the peace of home, which the poet vainly prayed for who sung of another Auburn:—

As a hero, whom horns and hounds pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he drew.

He had tasted all the strong delight and bitterness of power and fame, and then the mellowed flavor of "blest retirement, friend to life's decline." It is not an idyl, but a story of yesterday.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Judge W. S. Hester, of Washington, is at the Grand Central Hotel.
Major A. Heales, of the British army, has arrived at the Brevoort House.
Congressman William Williams, of Buffalo, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Ex-Congressman C. C. Gilman, of Iowa, is staying at the St. Nicholas Hotel.
Cyrus H. McCormick, the "reaper man," of Chicago, is at the Fifth Avenue.
J. W. Dunn, of the United States Coast Survey, is at the Grand Central Hotel.
Ex-Governor Theo. F. Randolph, of New Jersey, is stopping at the New York Hotel.
The health of Senator Sumner is worse, but that of William Lloyd Garrison is improving.
United States Senator Matthew W. Ransom, of North Carolina, is at the St. Nicholas Hotel.
They have a "Personal Beauty League" in Chicago, with a noted Adonis of the press as president.
H. Howard, of the British Legation, yesterday came on from Washington to the Brevoort House. Rhinehart is engaged on a bust of Thomas A. Scott, at the residence of the latter, near Darby, Pa.

Secretary Robeson yesterday returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel from his short visit to New Jersey.
W. W. Corcoran, the aged and well-known banker of Washington, D. C., yesterday arrived at the New York Hotel.
George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, and his *Pictus Achatas*, A. J. Drexel, the banker, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Counts de Najac and Michaels, of Paris, are again registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They are taking a look at our great country.

"Duke Alexis has left Hong Kong for Shanghai." Probably this paragraph may reach the eye of His Highness by the time of his return to Hong Kong.
Jack Hays, the celebrated Texas ranger, is endeavoring to get rid of an income of over two hundred thousand dollars per annum in Alameda, Cal.

A Weehawken policeman has found a dead body with \$1,000 on the person of the deceased and turned it over to the county authorities. New Jersey policemen can take the best for honesty.
General Grant has written a very neat letter of condolence to General Seward, son of the deceased statesman. Whatever may be said of Grant's speeches, it cannot be denied that he writes very good letters.

J. C. Bancroft Davis, our agent at Geneva, sails from Liverpool for New York on the 20th instant. Caleb Cushing is also expected to arrive here about the same time with Mr. Davis. He will spend the Winter in Mexico.
Sir Frederick Arrow, Captain J. S. Webb and E. P. Edwards, of the Trinity Board, England, are now at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They have come from Washington, where they have been conferring with the members of the Lighthouse Board. They will sail for home on Wednesday.

Joseph Morse and Florion Vink were arrested in London a short time since on charge of intending to fight a duel on Wimbledon Common. Their seconds, who were also arrested, proved the further than intended to allow the matter to go, and were, therefore, discharged. The valorous Vink and the martial Morse were committed to prison for fourteen days.

The *Saturday Review* says of Haven and Russell's "Life of Father Taylor," the sailors' preacher of Boston, that it "indulges in a good deal of would-be picturesque writing which rather obscures than illustrates the subject. When we are assured that Mr. Taylor's manner was 'more tragic than Aeschylus or Shakspere,' and his power over the hearts of his hearers such as Webster, Burke, Paul or Demosthenes might have envied," we are not only moved to incredulity, but are left without any very distinct image of what these wonderful superlatives mean to convey.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is writing "The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas," in which the singular career of Dumas and his strange system of manufacturing books will be related. The work will be ready in November.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Academy of Music—Miss Kellogg As Leonora.

The appearance last night of Miss Kellogg in the rôle of Leonora failed to awaken any very marked enthusiasm. The Academy was well attended, but could hardly be said to be filled, and there was not the same brilliancy of costumes that is so noticeable when some popular favorite takes possession of the boards. The cause of public indifference is variously accounted for. The friends of Miss Kellogg, and they are energetic if not numerous, attribute it to a weakness in the American public for running after foreign stars, while native talent of equal merit is allowed to remain without recognition. There may be some grains of truth in this pleading; but if we are to take last night's performance as a sample of what Miss Kellogg can accomplish at her best then we must admit of another and less favorable explanation of the lukewarmness of the public. The rôle of Leonora has always been a favorite one with lyric artists. It gives opportunities for the display of brilliant vocalization and full scope for all the dramatic power a prima donna may possess. A great actress with a voice of ordinary power might become immortal in picturing the tenderness and passion which culminate in the death scene, and no one who has not seen the dramatic instinct well developed can have ever seen the vocal affections or come up to the sublime ideal in this rôle.

Miss Kellogg is unfortunately wanting in dramatic talent. She fails to inspire sympathy, and no amount of talent will compensate for the want of this power. There were moments last night when passion found fitting expression, but somehow it lacked that sympathetic quality which electrifies an audience and secures success. Her vocalization is brilliant and remarkably pure, and she never fails to impress her audience as a thoroughly cultivated artist. The aria "Amor Sull' Ali Romen" was given with a tenderness and sympathy quite unexpected, at the same time that it afforded an opportunity for which was improved to display brilliant vocalization. The aria "I Detti Me, Signore" was also delightfully sung. In the last act especially Miss Kellogg displayed the recipient of warm applause.

Signor Trugnano, who is a favorite with the audience, has been a great success here, but he has not been suffering from the effects of a severe cold. He got on very well until he reached the higher notes; but here he cold asserted itself, and on one occasion his voice gave way. In the latter act, however, he rallied and sang the "Quella Pira" in brilliant style, but without awakening any response.

The truth seems to be, the audience were watching for the next act, which was what was wanted to bring down the house, and as it did not come they allowed a rendering of that magnificent song, infinitely better than the one which was given, to pass without the slightest acknowledgment.

Perhaps they could not forgive him because his voice failed him once, but the real cause is that New York wants a sensation, and whoever can scream the highest and most barbarous note is certain to be the favorite of the hour.

Our motto is "Art is loud." The stupid old Romans used to think it was "long," but we have changed. It is true he was not quite up to our standard in the tender passages. His rendition of the "Il Mio Cor" was a real treat, and we confess we did not appreciate it. There was not enough simplicity to satisfy us, nor was the execution of the air, which was a real treat, as good as the rendition of the "Il Mio Cor." Senora Sanz, who has just recovered from her indisposition, made quite a hit in the rôle of "Azucena." This lady displayed dramatic power of a high order, and her rendition of her vocal interpretation of the rôle. Her voice is rather light for the part, but it was so well managed that the audience were not aware of the fact. Her vocalization is at once pure and brilliant. Her conception of the part was dramatic without being heavy. In the prison scene the rendering of the air "Chorus" was remarkably sweet, and earned for her an enthusiastic encore. The choruses were satisfactorily given, and the orchestra, which was well managed, given more intelligently than is usual at the Academy. At the conclusion of the opera the principal artists were called before the curtain and were warmly applauded.

Opening of the Opera House Season.

Last night was a real gala night at the Olympic Theatre. *La Juvénie* Bouffes, Marie Andrieu, commenced a season under the management of Offenbach, of those champagne-like entertainments that once, under the management of Bateman & Grau, set all New York intoxicated. Theatre-goers will remember the charm that attracted every one, blocks out of their way, from Madison square down to those unknown regions were Pike constructed his stately Opera House. There Irma and Aïme, after their departure from Niblo's, created a desire among the Westsiders to see for themselves what this delightful nonsense in music that other audiences spoke so enthusiastically about, amounted to. The Perichole of the saucy little Irma and the Piquillo of the dashing Aïme gave a good start to opera bouffe in this city. The house was crowded to excess, from parquette to dome, and owing to the special excellence of the performance, the applause was of the most uproarious description. The cast was the following:—La Perichole, M. J. Singer, Mlle. Aïme; Piquillo, M. Juteau; Don Andres de Ribera, M. Duchesne; Le Comte de Panatella, M. Julien; Don Pedro, M. Salviator; Guendola, Mlle. Girelli; Estrella, Mlle. Juteau; Bernyella, Mlle. Vandane; M. Van Ghele, Musical Director.

There were two notable features in the performance, the Perichole of Aïme and the Piquillo of M. Juteau. Both artists sang and acted superbly, and it is not too much to say that never before were the two characters so well brought out. The chorus was superior to anything we have ever been acquainted with in this city in opera bouffe, and M. Van Ghele and his company were very busy and thorough. The opera was given with no stint of expense or labor on the part of the management, and seldom has there been so auspicious a commencement of a season. The entire company was received with the utmost favor, and the audience went away pleased and convinced that in Mlle. Aïme and her company there was a really artistic representation of opera bouffe. "La Grande Duchesse" and "Genevieve de Brabant" are already in active preparation.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"THE MORMONS AND THE SILVER MINES" is the title of a forthcoming book by Mr. James Bonwick, of London.

Mr. J. C. Jefferson's new work on the history and romance of the marriage ceremony in England is to be entitled "Brides and Brides."

"THE HISTORY OF CERAMIC ART IN GREAT BRITAIN," by Mr. L. Jewitt, will soon appear in London.

FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW the intimate and marvellous affection which exists between MM. Erkman and Chatrain, the explanation of their work is puzzling indeed. If one were to judge from appearances few men are more unlike each other than Erkman and Chatrain. The latter is of middle height; he is very dark and his complexion rather swarthy. He looks more like a portrait of Velasquez than like an Alsatian. Erkman is his physical antithesis. He is a tall and rather bulky man, with a broad, full, smiling face, and eyes sparkling with gaiety and joy behind their gold spectacles; his manners are supremely frank and hearty. M. Chatrain is cold, reserved, almost icy in his way; M. Erkman is expansive as possible. He is ever gay, affable and kind, and seems profoundly convinced that there is no greater happiness for a man who has worked hard during the day than to converse in the evening with old friends, smoking a large pipe and drinking numerous glasses of fresh Strauburger beer. Their works are full of humane, patriotic and generous sentiments. No imitators and the